VISIT…

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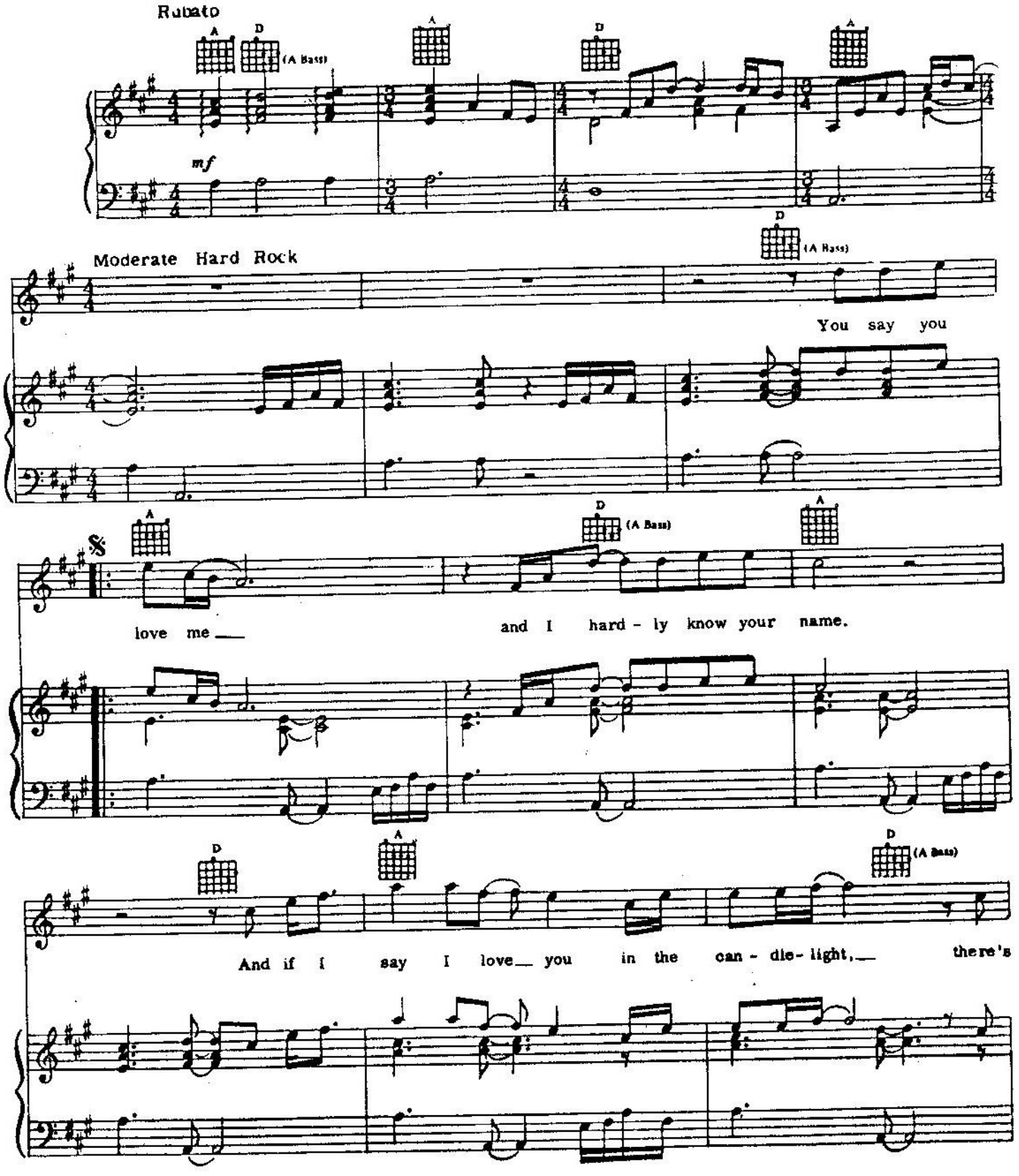
IT'S LATE

Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY



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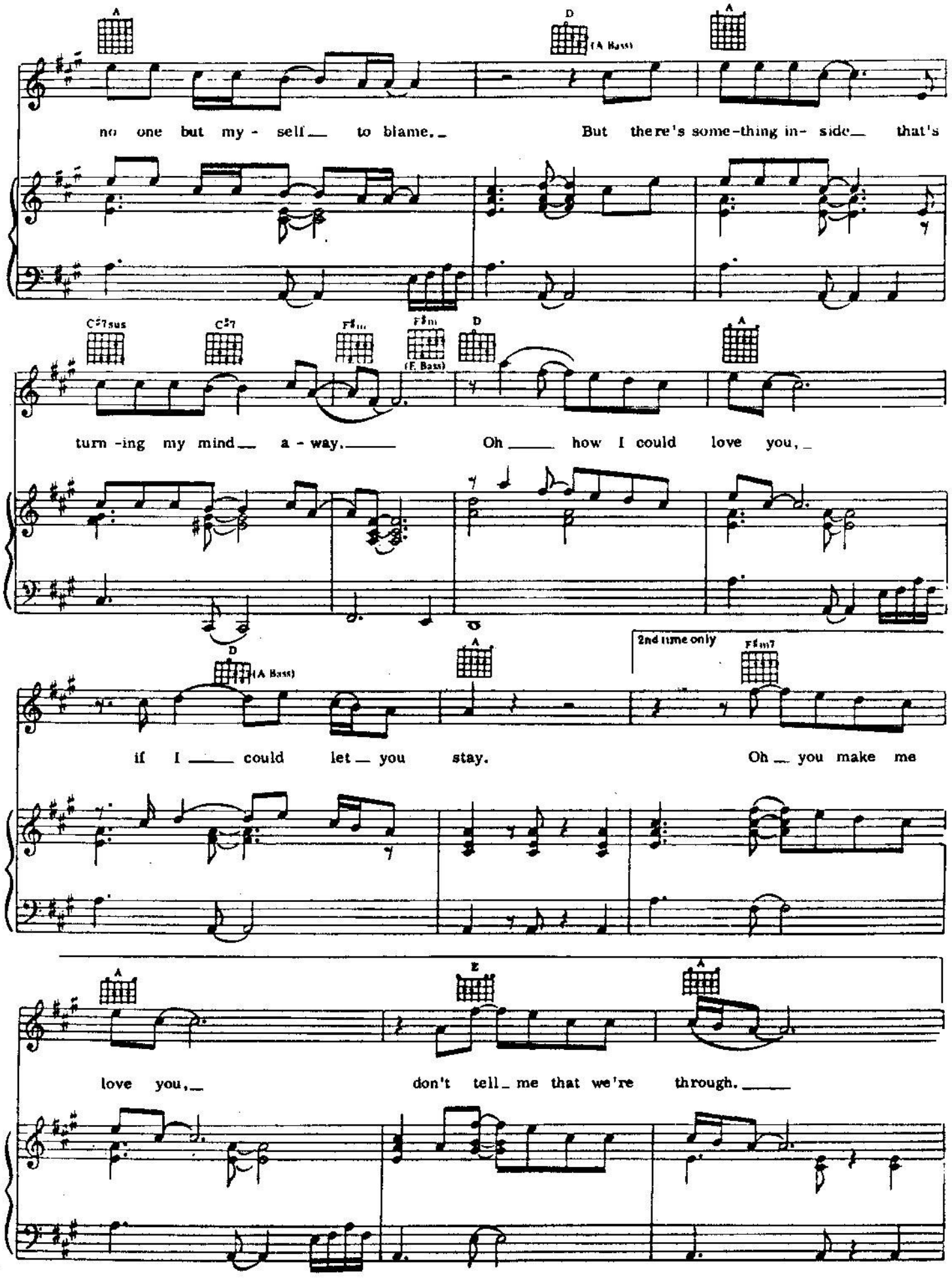
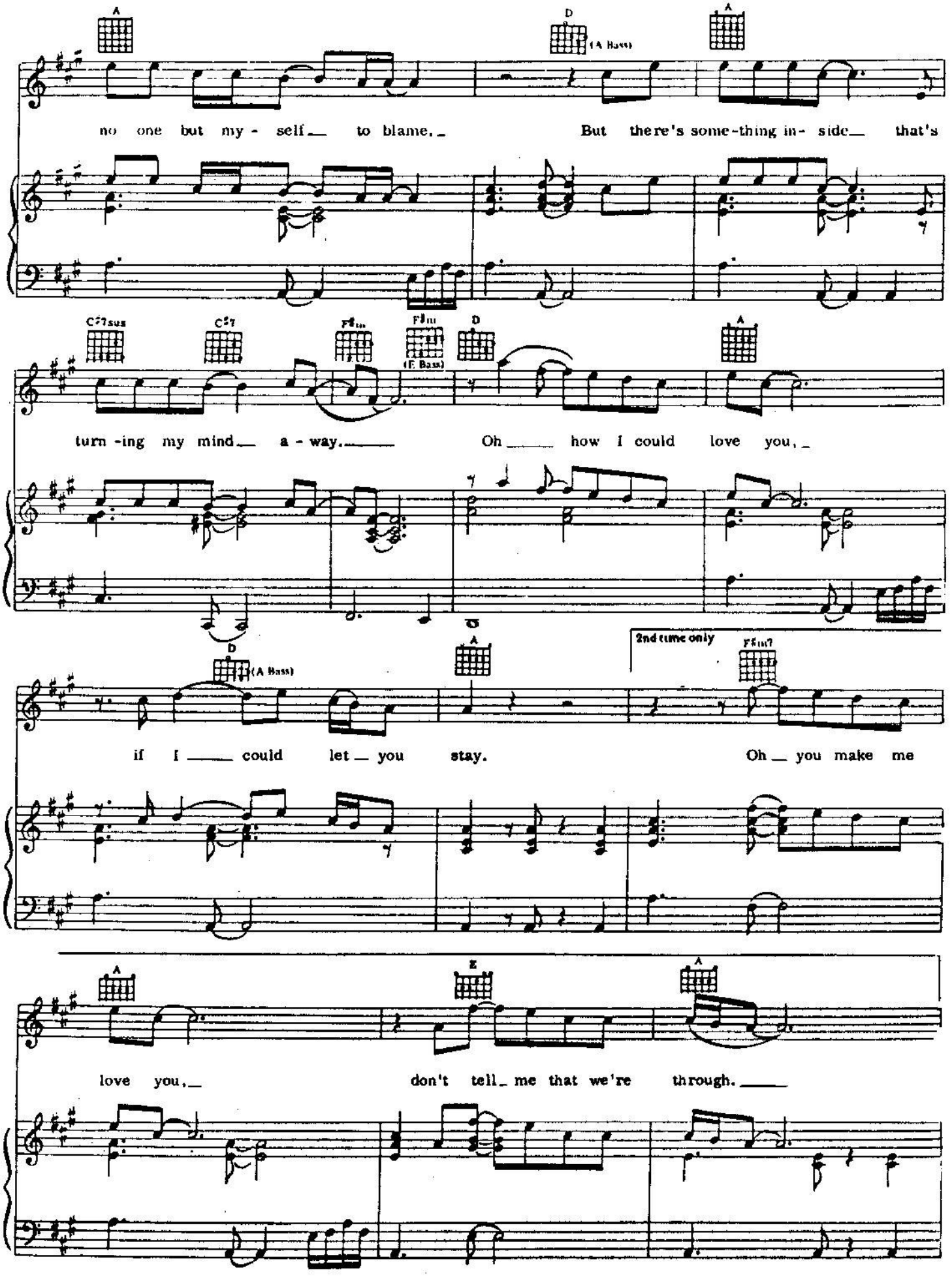
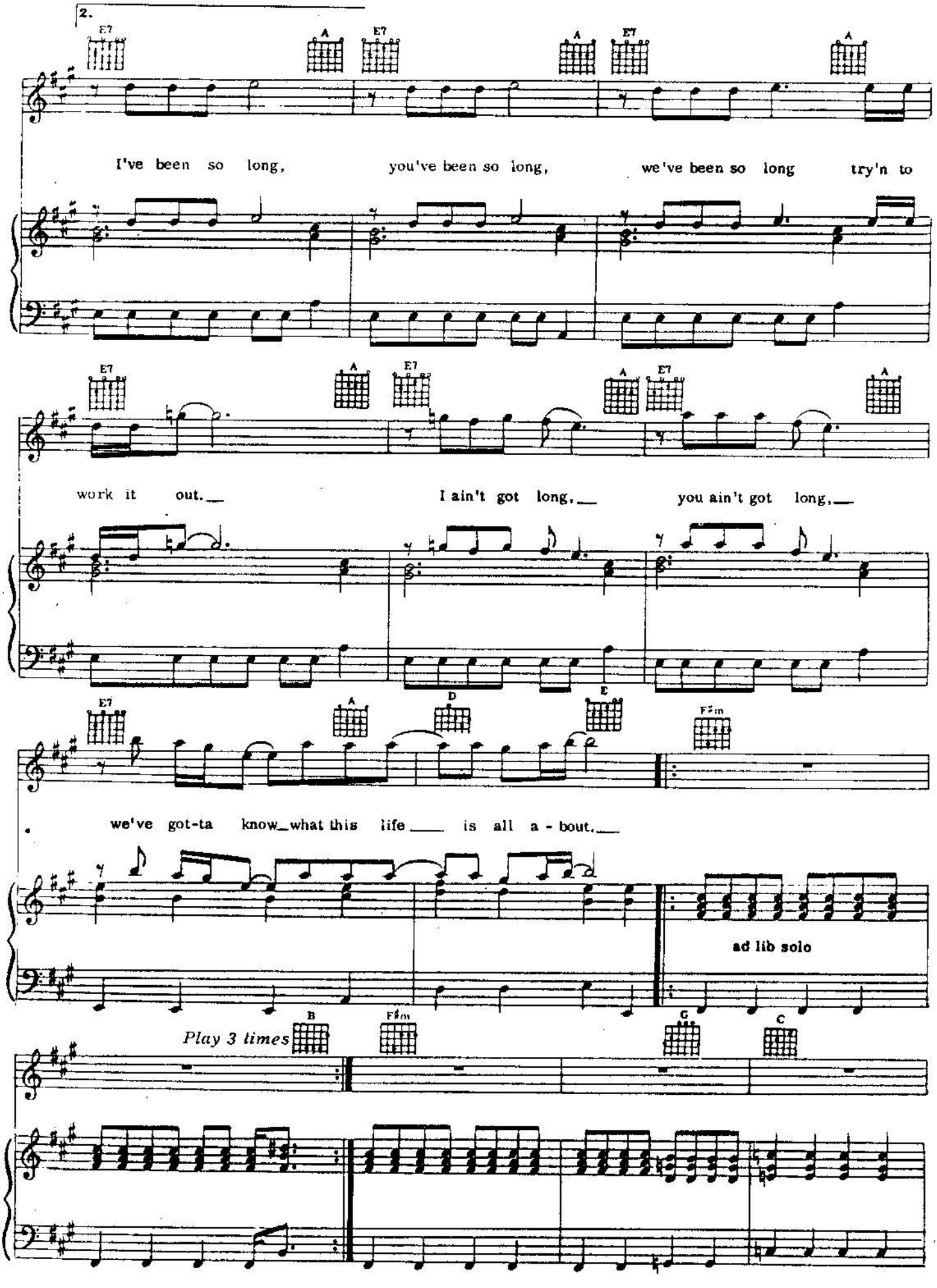
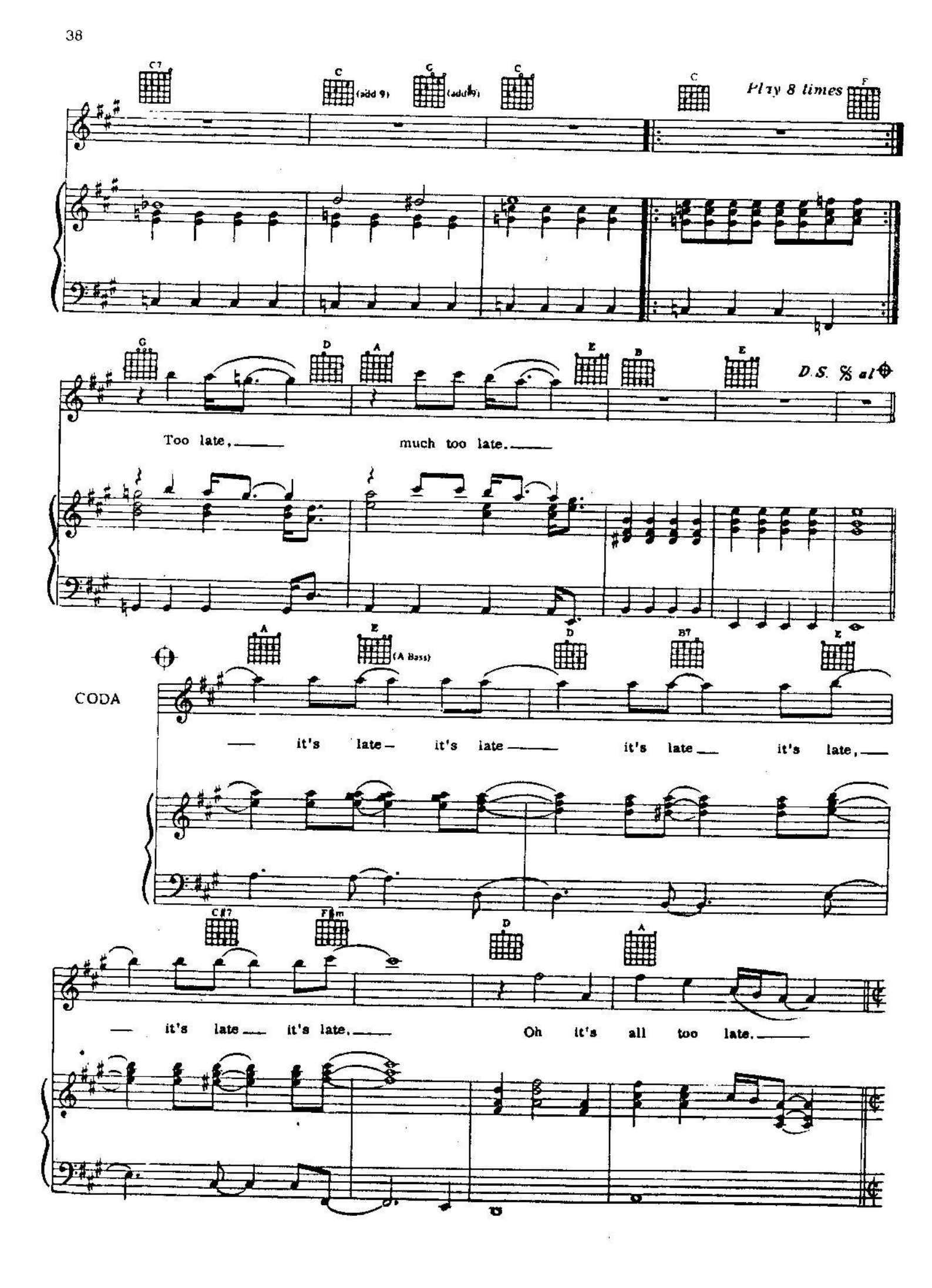
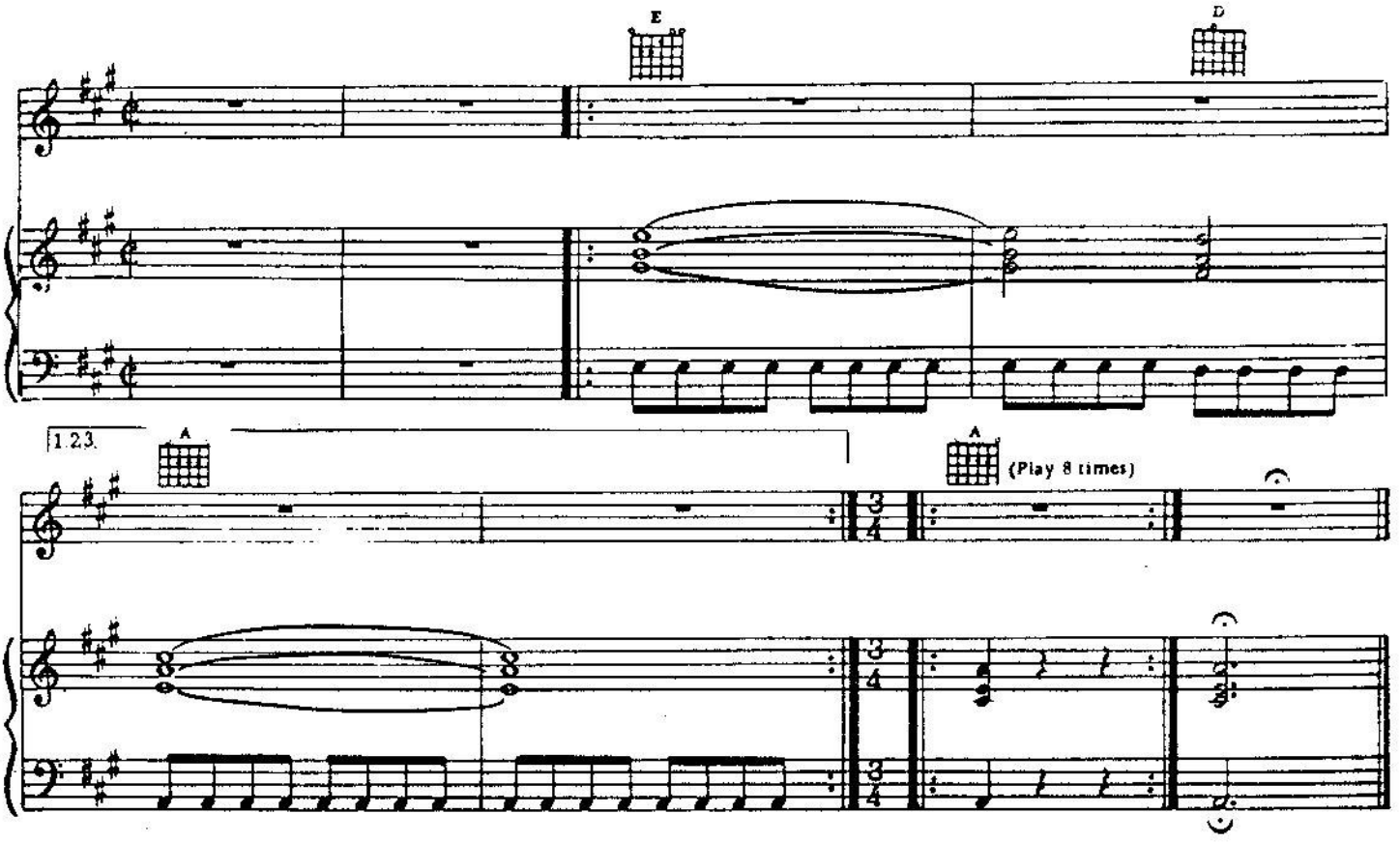

A
D (A Bass)
A
no one but my - self to blame. But there's some-thing in- side that's
C♯7sus
C♯7
F♯m
F♯m (E Bass)
D
A
turn -ing my mind a - way. Oh how I could love you,
D (A Bass)
A
2nd time only
F♯m7
if I could let you stay. Oh you make me
A
E
A
love you, don't tell me that we're through.


A
D
(A Bass)
A
no one but my - self to blame. But there's some-thing in- side that's
C♯7sus
C♯7
F♯m
F♯m
(E Bass)
D
A
turn -ing my mind a - way. Oh how I could love you,
D
(A Bass)
A
2nd time only
F♯m7
if I could let you stay. Oh you make me
A
E
A
love you, don't tell me that we're through.


2.
E7
A
I've been so long, you've been so long, we've been so long try'n to
work it out. I ain't got long, you ain't got long,
D
E
F♯m
we've got-ta know what this life is all a - bout.
ad lib solo
Play 3 times
B
G
C


C7
C (add 9)
C (add♭9)
C
C
Play 8 times
F
G
D
A
E
B
E
D.S. 𝄋 al ⊕
Too late, much too late.
A
E (A Bass)
D
B7
E
CODA
it's late it's late it's late it's late,
C♯7
F♯m
D
A
it's late it's late. Oh it's all too late.



2. The way you love me
is the sweetest love around.
But after all this time, the more I'm trying,
The more I seem to let you down.
Now you tell me you're leaving, and I
just can't believe it's true.
Oh you know that I can love you
though you know I can't be true.
Oh you make me love you,
don't tell me that we're through.
It's late and it's driving me so mad.
It's late, but don't try to tell me that
It's too late save our love you can't turn out the light,
So late, I've been wrong but I'll learn to be right.
It's late, it's late, it's late, but not too late.

3. You're starting at me
with suspicion in your eye.
You say what game you're playing, what's this
that you're saying, I know that I can't reply.
If I take you to-night is it making my life a lie.
Oh you make me wonder, did I live my life alright.
It's late, but it's time to set me free.
It's late, oh yes I know but there's no way it has to be
Too late, so let the fire take our bodies this night
So late, so let the waters take our guilt in the tide.